

Twiztid

"The Story of Our Lives"

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[Verse 1: Monoxide Child]

I want everybody listening now to say this
Twiztid is the motherfucking shit
And everybody else that feels that I'm a little out of line
Come see me when you're hitting rewind
And you will find that I'm an ex con, serial killer
Axe wielding for realla big gorilla
As I walk in the shadow of death
I bitch slap his ass and then light a cigarette
I told you all I'm addicted to drugs and weird sex
And putting holes in the back of your neck carnival
reject
Respect like you do the don the da
When you see me give your boy a hollar
Got the world in a shock collar like a rottweiler on the
loose
Running trains on your girl's caboose
Don't believe in a truce we're gonna fight until
somebody here dies
We've been here since 1965 and no lies

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

This is the story of our lives
Come and take a look in my eyes
Keep it real and tell me no lies
We've been waiting for you

[Verse 2: Jamie Madrox]

We came through the door kicking that bitch off the
hinge
We was knocking but wouldn't nobody let us in
It's the incredible edible white chocolate rappers
We came on the scene busting your cabbage patch
bakwards
D-I-T-Z-I-W-T
We was born connected at the hip like siamese
Twins we coming down with the underground sound
And one finger on each hand and you can count them

[Monoxide Child]

Fuck everybody here man it's not about them

And tucked inside of my bag is a problem
Underground, feel the ground shake
Feel it vibrate, watch your girl girate
We could dig the whole world if we choose
But instead we kick the wickedest blues and I refuse to
lose
To demographic and the people who choose
To put the hearts inside of the black magic (AND HERE
WE GO)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jamie Madrox]

We write voodoo sayings on the fronts of t-shirts
So that when people read them they will become
creatures
Still coming with the ultra man blow
that will linger in your brain and constantly echo
We ain't in it to be rich we're ready to reach folks
And change lives and put you up on shit you ain't know
That's about it, you're in the midst of some maniacs
And with a loaded microphone in your dome as if it's a
gat
So conceal with the real we're the fruitest mass appeal
We're the worms eating away from under the apple
peel
With all juice and no pulp fiction
No dollar ninety nine admitted for our predictions
We smash mics like with the rhymes we recite
Keep this motherfucker hype from now 'til sunlight
Now do you really need a shovel to dig it
And with the flip of a coin we can be righteous or
wicked and we'll get

[Chorus]

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